

A N E L E G I E

ON THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL

Sir Edmund-Berry Godfrey, Knight,

One of His MAJESTIES JUSTICES of the PEACE:

Who was found Murtherd on *Thursday* the 17th of this Instant *October*, 1678. in a Ditch on the South-side of *Primrose-Hill* near *Hampstead*.

S *TRAFFORD* crowd up, and brave *Montrofs* make room,
Here's a *State-Martyr* too, that's lately come,
All goar'd in *BLOOD*; — who may most justly crave
To share with you in your immortal Grave.

To you he comes, to *you*! who best can tell

How many Perils in true Virtue dwell,
Yea, and how dang'rous 'tis i'th Gap to stand,
Against Rebellion in your Native Land,
Which now is, or ne're was, by *Rome's* curst Hate,
Destin'd to Ruine both in Church and State.

If Souls refind, and freed from Humane care,
Could 'mongst immortal joys such leisure spare,
As to reflect on all that they did do,
And what they suffer'd while confin'd below,
The ill returns which Loyal *Godfrey* found,
E're his Deserts had thrust him under ground,
Their pity would resent, and sighs attend,
The Funeral of this lamented Friend.

Whom should'st thou praise, poor blear-ey'd Muse? proclaim
Thou would'st thine own Defects; not sound his Fame:
The worth of whose large Soul can never be
With finite Numbers dress'd, much less by thee.
Silence amaz'd, more meet than Pen, or Eyes,
Will pass Close-Mourner at thy Obsequies.

And yet methinks, by strength of thought, I view
Ev'n still his gen'rous Soul, as first it flew
From its wrong'd Body, and made blest Retreat,
And just Appeal, to Gods *Tribunal-Seat*.
Methinks I see him as at first he stood,
With his pale Body newly streak'd with *BLOOD*;
With gaping Wounds, like *Mouths*, which call'd for Woe;
And home Revenge, on those who made them so:
With bruised Neck, and Cheek, with batter'd Chin;
And Breast as black, as his vile Butchers sin:
But with a Soul more innocent and gay,
Than new-born Lillies in the midst of *May*.

Ah worthy Knight! If thy high Virtue did
Not all thy thoughts of just Revenge forbid,
What dismal Truths might'st tell, what Plots might'st show
To those above, were Hatch'd by *Rome* below?
Thou need'st no more but all thy Wounds display
Before those glorious Messengers, and they
With just rewards that bloody Crew might treat,
Who dar'd to use thee at so harsh a rate.

But thou wert always merciful and kind,
Ev'n whilst to humane shape thou wast confin'd;
And it were cruelty to think thee more
Severe or fierce than thou wert known before.
Methinks I hear with an exalted Voice
Thy happy *Manes* amongst the blest rejoyce,
With Joy like that the chearful Sea-man swells,
When safe on Shore, his dangerous *Wrack* he tells,
And from the swelling Banks, with a full scorn,
Beholds those Waves which had his Vessel torn.
So thou, *brave Soul*! to Heaven didst force thy way
Through Men more fur'ous than the raging Sea.
And having gain'd the Heavenly Port, dost now
With safe contempt look down on them below;
Whose rigid usage had so cruel been
To strand the tender *Bark* thy Soul was in.
And still, as if thy Tragedy were grown
Too poor, and mean, to gain from Hell renown;
Do yet like *Blood-Hounds* the warm Quest pursue,
And strive to kill thy *Reputation* too.
But that's *Immortal*, — and shall never want
Remembrance, whilst there's *Press* or *Protestant*;
The one to fix it in most lasting Writ,
The other to revere and honour it.

A N E P I T A P H.

R Eader, beneath this weeping Marble lies
The Peoples Love, the Nations Sacrifice:
A modern Martyr, or (to raise thy Dread)
A Justice most unjustly murdered.
Approach his Tomb with Reverence, for he,
Whilst living, was *Rome's* deadly Enemy.
And whoso'er the fatal stab did give,
Went but the nearest way to make him live.
In th' Dust his Deeds shall blossom: Time (that brings
A change on other sublunary things)
Will keep these fresh; this Patriots renown
Shall ne're be strangled by the Triple Crown.

F I N I S.

L I C E N S E D, October 29. 1678.

L O N D O N, Printed for Ben. Harris in Sweetings-Rents near the Royal-Exchange. 1678.